

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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\$1.00 A YEAR.

## REPRESENTATIVE HAS PASSED AWAY



Charles L. Moore  
Editor



### TERMS OF THE BLADE.

I issue for one year \$1.00.  
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well as the new address.

When you send your subscription say  
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DOWIE AND ST. ANNE'S  
WIST-BONE JOINTS  
AND JOINTS.

Dowie has a miracle joint in Chicago,  
warranted to heal all diseases.  
Deacon Stern, who helped work the  
thing got the palsy, and died alone  
same.  
Bishop Corrigan, in New York, had  
a joint out of the wrist of St. Anne,  
the mother of Mary, who was the  
"mother of God." Anne therefore be-  
ing the grandmother of God.  
Corrigan worked the Anne joint in  
New York, and got barrels and nails  
kegs full of money from people who  
were cured just by looking at the joint.  
While Corrigan was showing his  
joint he died dead as the devil. What's  
the diff between Dowie and Corrigan,  
as joint workers.  
Give it up—ask me something easy.

### "WORST EVER"

"Lord Barrington Will be Jerked to  
Jesus."

"Lord" Barrington of St. Louis, the  
Christian who murdered J. J. Mc-  
Cann of Lexington, for his money  
is to be hung.

Barrington's wife writing to the  
authorities about his says:  
"You have, without exaggeration  
and impartially speaking, captured  
the smoothest, slickest, most hypocri-  
cal and worst villain there is in God's  
universe to-day. Father, mother, wife,  
child, friend and benefactor are noth-  
ing to him when his villainy is put  
into play, and his cloak of religion  
gains more for him than any other  
role he may assume. He is an ingrate  
ticket-of-leave man, convict, burglar,  
forger, swindler, and a villain of the  
worst order, and at present awaiting  
death for murder."

There are among women and chil-  
dren and ignorant men, those who  
are Christians and good people too; but  
if you want to find a scoundrel, get  
an intelligent, matured, Christian man  
every time.

he made, a generous liberal, forgiving  
nature would have, at least, shared  
the profits of his talents, when Hes-  
ton was sick, starving and dying. But  
Heston hungers no more. His poor  
body has gone to mingle with the ele-  
ments, while his soul goes marching  
on. I have corresponded with him  
considerably, but never met him. In  
my opinion, he was both a strong and  
rare mind. He was gifted with a fine  
imagination, and was a poet of  
strength and beauty. He wrote me  
that he hoped to live to publish a vol-  
ume of his poems; but in this too,  
he was disappointed.

I am glad that I was the means of  
being some help to him, when the  
shadows of death began to gather  
dark and threatening around him. I  
am glad that he died leaning upon the  
arms of comrades, though late they  
came to the rescue. I am glad that he  
died with the thought, that there was  
still a lingering love and appreciation  
for him among his co-laborers and  
I am sure that all who contributed to  
his relief, are likewise glad that I  
made that appeal, and all alike are  
grateful to Warren Wolf for calling  
our attention to Heston's illness and  
condition. The whole amount con-  
tributed was about \$275.00.

Not many of us will miss him per-  
sonally, because few of us knew him  
personally. But none of us will miss  
him intellectually, for his influence  
still exists. He is still our intellectual  
comrade, co-worker and friend. Peace  
to his tired spirit, wherever it is. I  
would like to write a tribute to Hes-  
ton, commensurate with his deserts;  
but I cannot now. As one by one, the  
old warriors fall on the field of battle,  
I am depressed more and more. I feel  
a sense of loneliness and suffer a loss  
I can hardly explain. It seems, that  
those whom I have always known,  
either personally or by correspond-  
ence or reputation, or whose writ-  
ings I have read and enjoyed, should  
still be one with us.

Although I am just entering the  
prime of life and have been suffering  
the work only twelve years, still, I  
too feel, that I am growing old in my  
labors, and with the old, rather than  
with the young, I take my place, and  
naturally, the old are closer to me.  
The bond of sympathy is closer, per-  
haps, because I know that their sacri-  
fices have been, and they know what  
mine have been. These, the young  
have not yet learned. But, may we all,  
like Heston, when we come to die,  
calmly wear the draperies of our  
couch about us, and lie down to  
peaceful dreams.

We extend our sympathies to Mrs.  
Heston. She has been a most loving,  
faithful, patient wife, and her loss is  
our own. If any friends wish to  
write to her, her address is, Mrs. Lot-  
is Heston, Pollard Block, Carthage,  
Missouri.

### WOODCOCK

Theological Bird of Long Bill, is on  
The Religious Menu in Louisville

Woodcock, the Episcopal Bishop  
that succeeds to Dudley's batwisk,  
in Kentucky—Dudley was the man  
who paid \$7.00 apiece for his dinner  
plates—his cutting large ice and shines  
in Louisville.

Nothing short of Jo Taylor X, at  
Rome, can lay it over Woodcock, in  
Louisville.

A sample of the nauseating rot that  
the C. J. gets off of its stomach about  
Woodcock is as follows:  
"All the parlors and the large halls  
on the second floor of the Galt House  
were thrown together and were pro-  
fusely decorated in smilax and with  
palms. The central parlor, which was  
the reception room proper, was  
beautifully decorated with American  
Beauty roses. With the great throng  
of women in beautiful gowns, the  
scene was brilliant. It was not a femi-  
nine reception, however, for the men  
between these big sky-bushers, and  
numbers. An orchestra furnished music  
and punch was served."

A liquor guzzling gang like that  
gets together and, naturally there fol-  
low the continual accents of devilry  
between these big sky-bushers, and  
the pretty women of their flock.  
It's all right though, in the long run.  
Some of these days that kind of cut-  
ting up, in the midst of the sufferings  
from a hard winter, and the distress  
that fills this country, will make  
enough infidels to put a quietus on  
all that stuff.  
"On with the dance!"

## MINISTER

DIES IN A LODGING HOUSE

Mystery in Fate of C. E. Bentley, Who  
Once Ran for President.

Police Search for Stylish Black-Veiled  
Woman Who Was in his  
Company.

(From Chicago Chronicle).

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 5.—The  
death of Rev. C. E. Bentley of Lincoln  
Neb., in a lodging house at 125 South  
Los Angeles street, last night, puzzles  
the police. He was the candidate of  
the liberal party for the presidency  
of 1896 and was three times the candi-  
date for United States senator from  
Nebraska. He was 64 years old.  
Rev. Mr. Bentley, according to a  
story told by Mrs. Douglas, proprie-  
tress of the lodging-house, which is  
located in the section known as the  
east side lodging-house district, ap-  
plied for a room about 8 o'clock Sat-  
urday night. He was accompanied  
by a stylish dressed woman who wore  
a thick black veil. The landlady  
showed them to a room and while  
she was turning on the light Bentley  
dropped to the floor unconscious.

Woman Disappears.  
The woman who accompanied him to  
the house left suddenly. Mrs. Doug-  
las then went to seek assistance, but  
returning a few moments later, found  
a young man named Haines, a lodg-  
er, holding Bentley's head. He left,  
saying he was going for a doctor, but  
has not been seen since. Mrs. Doug-  
las finally summoned the police, but  
Bentley was dead.

### WOMEN STRIKERS FOR THE SKY PILOT.

The other day the latest young man  
without a single exception, in all of  
Lexington, predicted—College bred  
and a lover of good literature—  
looking me one of these "finkily"  
hooked woman envelopes addressed  
him in the hand writing of a woman.

The young man is an athletic, but  
the letter seemed to have made him  
feel sick at the stomach—naveated.  
It had a printed card in it, sitting  
forth that Rev. George A. Hilton,  
Evangelist, and some other fellow  
"men only." There were in the envel-  
ope the other cards on each side of  
which, was printed in big letters, so  
as to attract attention, when scatter-  
ed around on the streets, "Get right  
with God."

In the envelope was a little tract  
the name of which was "Is it Sprin-  
gtime? When I see the Blood, I will  
pass over you."

A sample of the literature in the  
book is as follows:  
"Do you believe Judgment is coming?  
—Nine woes are past, but do you be-  
lieve the last, worst was coming? Oh,  
yes, I believe it, and I have done  
as Moses commanded—the lamb is  
 slain, the blood is shed. Is the blood  
in the basin? Yes, is it on the latet  
and side-posts? No, not yet. Oh, then  
the blood is in the basin still? Yes.  
And why not on the latet and side-  
posts? I do not know how to put it  
there. But are you safe from the  
destroyer? I am not sure; I hope  
so."

Nobody but some one crazy or  
drunk on religion or whiskey would  
ever imagine there was any sense in  
that rot, and so a big state lunatic  
asylum in Lexington and one or more  
private lunatic asylums, and churches,  
and distilleries and saloons, all do a  
rushing business all the time—espe-  
cially "rushing the growler," and in the  
churches they have all the time the  
"rushing, mighty wind" noise you read  
about in the second chapter of Acts  
on the day of Pentecost, and that is  
now called wind jamming.

A part of that tract that has been  
underscored, with ink and pen, by  
the sender, as being specially beauti-  
ful, is as follows:  
"We simply obeyed the word of  
God; they put it on the outside of  
their houses in faith, and they man-  
ifested inside in peace, secure under its  
shelter. And if God has told you that  
on the cross His blessed Son died to  
put away your sins, what have you to  
do? Simply to repose on the truth  
which God has told you. God bids  
us shelter ourselves beneath that  
blood, that precious blood, which has  
been shed. (Heb. ix, 11, 12.)"

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been shed. (Heb. ix, 11, 12.)"

Think about "sheltering," yourself,  
out of a nice spring shower, for in-  
stances, under a lot of blood.  
There is not a butcher in Fayette  
county that would use such a meta-  
phor as that.

All of this sort winds up with writ-  
ing, in a woman's hand, that says,  
"For — with loving prayers." For  
illiterate ignorant fools, of either sex,  
that kind of stuff may do but it dis-  
torts intelligent and honest people.  
What kind of preaching is it they are  
doing in Lexington, that is only fit  
for men only," like some of the lec-  
tures that are being delivered by some  
of those traveling fake doctors, and is  
it the elegant thing for a lady, prob-  
ably of the young maiden persuasion,  
to be sending, to a nice young bache-  
lor notices of something only proper  
for "men only."

### AN ANNUAL FREETHOUGHT MESSAGE.

Now, to me "that sounds good."  
And a Thanksgiving proclamation,  
and Mrs. Henry's will be better than  
Mr. Roosevelt's, because she will  
have all of the "great and good" of  
the past and present to thank for the  
many blessings we enjoy, while he  
has only "God, Jesus and the Virgin  
Mary," and may be the ghost of God.  
And then our president can just nat-  
urally beat the U. S. president tell-  
ing on her.

I think the Doctor's idea is a  
splendid one, and I am sure it will  
be adopted. So here is something for  
each of us to do to help. Let every  
member of the A. F. A. save their  
samples. It's only a little thing, but  
small as it is, it will pay for the pub-  
lishing of the tracts, and we won't  
have to go into our treasury. Then  
we will try to have our Annual Mes-  
sage and Thanksgiving proclamation  
published in all of the Freethought  
papers and as many of the secular  
ones as possible, and besides this  
each one of us can distribute two or  
three hundred tracts without any  
trouble. And each of us can get one  
new member. Now all of this is only  
a little thing, but if we will do it we  
will tell a new story, and the A. F. A.  
will take her place as an organiza-  
tion of workers.

Let us begin at once, and about two  
weeks before "Thanksgiving" day get  
your pennies changed into the most  
convenient form and send them in.  
When you count them you will find  
that you have saved from 100 to 200,  
and never missed them. I am going  
to get at least one new member and  
I want every member to do as much.

Yours for the success of the Penny  
Club.  
(MISS) L. M. GIBSON.

### CRUTCHFIELD MARRIES AGAIN IN SHORT ORDER

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 10.—John N.  
Crutchfield, the St. Louis broker who  
got a divorce last Friday because his  
wife played cards while he went to  
church, was married Wednesday to  
Miss Kimball, the pretty daughter of  
a banker at Mt. Vernon, Ind. She is  
thirty years his junior.

Crutchfield is a Campbellite and  
was a religious leader when he lived  
in Lexington.  
The New Testament tells, plainly,  
what the only cause is for which  
persons may get divorces, but it ain't  
for playing cards, though the Camp-  
bellites' special graft is that they  
don't do anything that you can't find  
authority for in the New Testament.  
It does not say that J. C. never in-  
dulged in a quiet little game of "seven  
up" with some of his old boys,  
sitting on a railcut, as they went  
some Sunday morning, out to Beth-  
any to get a good Sunday dinner at  
Lazarus' house.

"TO-MORROW."  
I have received a copy of the first  
issue of "To-Morrow," that calls itself  
"A monthly hand-book of changing  
order."

It is edited at 1926 Indiana Avenue,  
Chicago, by Oscar Lovell Triggs, his  
picture, on the back, showing him to  
be a bright looking and handsome  
young man.  
It is \$1.00 a year and 10 cents for  
a single copy.  
It proposes to discuss a variety of  
things but I think will probably be  
largely devoted to Socialism and re-  
ligion.  
It claims among its contributors  
Clarence Darrow, W. J. Bryan and  
Booker T. Washington.  
The Blade wishes it much joy and  
hopes to be on its X list.

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### ANOTHER CHRISTIAN DEVEL

Has Climbed the Golden Stairs at  
the End of a Rope.

Crimes among Christians are get-  
ting greater and more frequent all  
the time, until it's getting to be dan-  
gerous to let any man of distinguish-  
ed piety run at large in any commu-  
nity.

This is exactly what might be re-  
asonably expected. It is not natural,  
or reasonable, for people to be relig-  
ious, and, when they are, you can  
just bet that they have some rascally  
scheme on hand.

The last of the most remarkable  
criminals is J. Samuel McCue. He  
had, for two terms, been Mayor of  
Charlottesville, Va., the town which  
has the University of Virginia in it,  
and where you would naturally sup-  
pose, education had civilized the peo-  
ple.

McCue went to church with his  
wife, on Sunday night, September 14.  
In about fifteen minutes after they  
got home, McCue killed his wife by  
beating her awfully with a club and  
then shooting her, and putting her in  
a bath tub and turning scalding  
water on her.

He then shot himself slightly in the  
arm and reported that burglars had  
done it all.

The evidence against him was such  
that he confessed.

He had been a lawyer for 30 years.

A part of the account about his  
hanging is as follows:

"Up to the very last the idea of a  
confession was discredited. After  
the execution one of McCue's spiri-  
tual advisers said: 'McCue left  
this world with feeling of bitterness  
toward no human being in it. His  
heart was wonderfully softened. He  
was earnest and tender. This morn-  
ing in our presence he offered to God  
a fervent prayer for his family; for  
his brothers and their wives; for his  
sister; for his uncles and aunts and  
lastly most fervently of all for  
his children. He called them each by  
name. He invoked the blessing of  
Almighty God upon them all.'"  
It's the same old story I am telling  
all the time. You may sometimes find  
a Christian that is good, but if you  
want a villain always pick a  
Christian.

Searey, Ark., Feb. 7.—Rev. R. R. G.  
Lighte, one of the defendants in the  
sensational issue of divorce charges  
pending here since last July, died, of  
pneumonia. Last May the body of  
Edward Pitts was taken from a  
grave and passed as that of Dr. Lighte  
and insurance collected to the  
amount of \$21,000 on the latter's life.  
When charges of fraud were made Dr.  
Lighte reappeared. He was convicted  
of a charge of violating the grave  
and fined \$1,000 and sentenced to six  
months in jail. An appeal to the Cir-  
cuit Court was pending.

This issue of the Blade is dated so  
as to answer for two weeks—the one  
we missed on account of the burning  
out of our motor—and is mailed on  
Thursday so as to reach all subscrib-  
ers in time for Sabbath reading. After  
this the paper will be mailed to ev-  
ery one Thursday afternoon, and if  
you fail to get your Blade for Sunday  
reading notify us and we will look in-  
to the matter.

### NEW ORLEANS AND MOBILE

March 1st to 10th  
Tickets on sale via the Queen and  
Crescent Route to the above points at  
the rate of one-fare plus 25 cents for  
the round trip. Tickets on sale  
March the 1st to 6th inclusive. Final  
limit March the 11th. This limit will  
be extended to March the 25th if  
ticket is deposited with the Joint  
Agent at New Orleans or Mobile and  
on payment of 50 cents on or before  
March the 11th, 1905. Stopovers at  
all winter tourist points. For infor-  
mation see nearest ticket agent, or  
write E. N. Aiken, T. P. A., Lexing-  
ton, Ky.

# THE SUN SAYS.

"Have you Seen the Blue Grass Blade?"

Angelic Utterances From the City of Angels.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 1, 1910.  
Editor Blade—There are lots of them here of both sexes, all shades of color and character and various phases of belief; some have had a bad fall and are recovering and some never will, although the Almighty is working overtime just now "in our midst."

We are having a divine circus, alias, a "Grand Union Revival," not a three ring, but a five ring, under the direction of the Christian God, aided and abetted, stirred up and turned over, advertised and heralded in song and stories by the three high priced clowns, Bob Burdette, the infidel snapper, Frank DeWitt Talmage, the theological Magaphone and the disquiet Robert McIntire, who recently fractured in intestine by trying to harmonize religion and evolution. Rev. J. S. Chapman is ring-master of this trio of prize birds and the crowing of the cocks, the cackling of the hens, the weeping of the widows the confessions of the criminals, the walls of the lost souls and the lies of the children and imbeciles told for the glory of God, are enough to bring tears to the statue of Stephen M. White.

But God is getting there with both feet; The "prodder" of the House of Israel, report a conversion running as high as one thousand a day, which is probably as true as gospel, but no more so. If God continues his wonders to perform, in seventeen days, more the whole of Los Angeles, community will be foundering in their prayer bones at the feet of those charity fed chicken gourmandizers, shouting, Glory! Glory!! Glory!!!

Since this holy show has started, it seems that the Devil has also been quietly at work, no brass bands, no holy alliances, no donation funds, no ladies aids, but alone He is getting there Eli, and as usual. He is in the front of the procession and is leading the Lord thy God by a length.

Our two hundred saloons with their innumerable adjuncts of drug stores, restaurants, hotels and herds of other restless porkers are doing a thriving business. We have the sportiest race track in America, with its rings of gamblers, plungers and thorns. "Masses" of cars are as thick as bath houses in ancient Rome. Our police force has been increased 25 per cent. Hardly a night passes without a holdup or a murder, and no day and night burglaries are too numerous to notice.

Prof. Hatfield is up in the mountains producing rain for the valley on scientific principles and according to schedule. Capt. Baldwin sails his airship every pleasant Sabbath over the various hallelujah camps, cuts fire eight, places wires and other artistic devices for the edification of the curious and the exasperation of the religious. Heresy flourishes as the green bay trees or a field of alfalfa in damp land. Fresh thinkers, Spiritualists and Socialists are so numerous that it is difficult to secure halls for any other purpose. Tom Paine's birthday was celebrated by two organizations, and both halls were inadequate to hold the crowds. Roosevelt God and the Christian clergy came in for a full share of merited disrespect for their ignoble work in traducing the character of their benefactor. The Dresden edition of Ingersoll's works have been placed in the circulating department of the public library.

Summing up the situation it is difficult to see just where we are "at." The superstitious and weak minded are being highly entertained at their own expense. God's chosen jumpings-jacks are occupying the center of the stage, living on the fat of the land and putting away morsels for a rainy day. Those that pay the bills seem to be satisfied with the investment. Some of the "respectable" gamblers abscond or suicide when their prayers are not answered, but the thimbles are always on hand and never so anything rash. A public case of Spiritualism occurs about once a month and the next week, the hall won't hold the faithful, who come to hear the "explanation." Free thought meetings are better attended than ever before and subscribers to Free thought papers are harder to get. Whether we are to praise God, or blame the Devil, I'll have to "fess up." In the meantime the sun rises every day over the San Bernardino mountains, with a smile on his face and says, "Good morning, have you read the Blue Grass Blade?"—WALTER COLLINS.

(From Lexington Leader)  
AUNT CARRIE.

And Rev. Mr. Zachary Separate and Each will go it alone.  
Word was received Thursday by his

publishers in this city that Evangelist James W. Zachary, manager and financial agent of Mrs. Carrie Nation, has dissolved partnership with the illustrious female saloon smasher and from now on each will go it alone. The letter received from Mr. Zachary was dated at Chickasaw, Indian Territory, and this was the last place they appeared together.

Mr. Zachary left Lexington several weeks ago to join Mrs. Nation in a lecture tour of the West. They appeared in a number of the leading cities of Texas and Oklahoma, and seemed to be making a tremendous "hit," judging from newspapers. What caused the "split," between them is not known here, and friends of the evangelist were somewhat surprised to hear that the unique combination had "busted" up.

Evangelist Zachary will continue his campaign in the West and it is presumed that Mrs. Nation will seek other worlds to conquer.

EX NIHILO NIL FIT.  
GAINESVILLE, Fla.

To C. C. Moore.  
Dear sir—If you think the following is worth printing kindly correct and punctuate, and do so—P. M. OLIVER.

Did God awake in darkness,  
Six thousand years ago,  
And look around on nothing  
To see what he could do?

He never had beginning  
Nor birth like you and me,  
But always has existed  
From all eternity?

Now what had he been doing  
Throughout those countless years;  
No priest has ever told us.  
It is no book appears.

Perhaps he had been sleeping,  
With nothing for a bed,  
And nothing for a pillow  
And nothing in his head.

Nothing for companion  
Through all that dreary night,  
And only boundless nothing  
On which to feast his sight.

And when he rose for action,  
Like one aroused from sleep,  
And with only six day's labor  
(The tale is rather steep).

Took just a pinch of nothing,  
And made this glorious earth,  
And another pinch of nothing  
And the planets had their birth.

Another lump of nothing  
Produced the mighty sun,  
And so he worked at nothing  
Till stars and all were done.

And when all else was finished,  
Of dust he made a man,  
And mixing it with nothing  
On some mysterious plan.

He took a rib from Adam,  
With nothing for a knife,  
And mixed it with nothing  
Made him a full grown wife.

He damns his every nation  
Unless we all believe  
The story of creation,  
The snake, the fruit and Eve.

He knew the kind of people  
He was working on to make,  
But they all die soon or later,  
Because of his mistake.

Answer.  
Oh, Lord, I don't know nothing,  
But one thing I avow  
When he took that cooked piece of bone  
And that man a frow,

Raw material considered,  
With nothing, or mistake,  
It was the very best of jobs  
That any God could make.

THINKS IT OUGHT  
TO CONVERT ME.

Emanuel, Ky., Feb. 6, 05.  
Charles C. Moore.  
Dear Sir—Enclosed find clipping from Washington Post.

I should think, after that you could not doubt the divinity of that book. I think your Blade is better each issue.

"Dog Fennel" is as good a work as ever read. Can you tell me where I can get Haeckel's Riddle of the Universe?"—EMMET JOYNER.

The clipping is as follows:  
"The Book Saved His Life."

"Moved by excitement," began General Joe Wheeler in relating one of his stories, "a young man determined to enlist. He accepted a Bible from his mother and as he placed it in his inside pocket promised to read the book every day."

"During one of the important battles this man's entire company was annihilated, but he escaped."

"Same old story," interjected a veteran—"bullet hit the Bible."

"No," continued the doughty little general, "the book saved his life, but not in the common and accepted way. The soldier was found seated behind a tree, keeping his promise to his mother."—Washington Post.

The Bible saved my life, I suppose, during the war, as many of my neighbors—all "Johnnies"—were killed. I staid at home and read it. Peter Eckler & Son, Publishers, New York City, will send you Haeckel.

ANOTHER BIG SKY-BUSTER  
KICKING OUT OF THE TRACES

Cincinnati, Feb. 7, 05.  
Mr. Charles C. Moore.  
Enclosed find clipping of great interest, from Cincinnati Enquirer, Harper's Magazine, for February, 1905, the fine article about Haeckel and his picture.

I am, and for years have been, a subscriber to the Blade.—S. C. Riley.

The clipping is as follows:  
TRUE HISTORY.

Is Not Contained in the Bible, Declares President Schurmann.

Ithaca, N. Y., Feb. 5.—Addressing the students of Cornell, today, president Schurmann said in part: "The Christ of the twentieth century differs from the Christ of the nineteenth and preceding centuries. No longer will educated men go to the Bible as a text book of physical science. It seems strange that men should ever have regarded the Bible as such, but they did it a generation ago. Now an educated man who would quote the Bible as an authority on any physical subject would be an object of ridicule in the eyes of all educated men. I do not believe there is any true history in the Bible, simply because the Hebrews never wrote history. I do not attempt to explain the miracles of Jesus Christ, but even today we have our Christian Science and Faith cures."

Schurman, the reason you don't tell about the miracles of Jesus, is that you know they were fakes, and you would lose your job if you did.

WAS GOING TO NAME  
THE BABY CHARLEY.

But it was a Girl, and They named It Lucy Alma Henry, for Mrs. Wilson's Wife and Mrs. Henry.

GET YOUR SPOONS LADIES!

Spring Hill, Texas, Jan. 14, 05.  
Dear Mr. Moore.

Please find within a small amount that will at least even us up.

Would have remitted same sooner, but was waiting to name my baby.

All signs indicated to me that the baby would be a boy and I intended to name him Charley Moore.

But, dang my cats, moon, stars and all signs failed me, and the baby is a girl, fine one too.

I do not know much about naming girls, but the duty devolved upon my wife.

So this evening she brought out the old family record, and pointing to the last name thereon, said: "This is our baby's name, and this is what she had written, Lucy Alma Henry." I believe my wife has been reading the Blade I haven't caught her at it, but she is very much improved—so much so that she thinks kindly of my books and papers, and Liberal friends.

Any way the next baby is Charley, girl or no girl.—J. R. HERRIN.

My wife and I have had a good many namesakes and I regard it as the highest of all the compliments that can be paid us—as much, or more, of a compliment to me to have a girl named for my wife as to have a baby named for me. It always means an engraved spoon from my wife or myself and "Miss Lucy" has got to come up with the spoon this time, and Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Henry have got to give a name or more, if they don't I will publish them in the Blade. When the Christians put me in the penitentiary my wife said: "Under the circumstances I am proud to be a convict's wife." I knew it would immortalize her.

A hundred years from now people will be repeating it from her. It knocked the stuffing out of the little Christian scheme and piled their whole galaxy. As long as people read 'Behind the Bars,' \$1488 that saying of my wife will be remembered.

Don't look like Wilksman had turned every body against me down in that country.

British witnesses were heard before the international commission on the North Sea case, which resumed its sessions at Paris.

The testimony was similar to that given at the inquiries in England.

BAPTISED AT 30 IN A HOLE IN THE ICE.

Reals Bradley, Partially Paralyzed, Is Immersed in the Delaware and Survives.

Camden, N. J., Feb. 5.—In an invalid's chair, a woman past eighty years and paralyzed in one side was wheeled out on the ice and baptized in the Delaware River today, opposite East Camden.

Those who saw her taken from the hole chopped in the ice thought she had succumbed from the cold. For a few moments she gave no signs of life, but soon revived.

The woman is Rosie Bradley, of No 1540 Decatur street, Philadelphia. She was baptized by Elder Skinner, of the Church of God.

Attended by five elders, who walked on the ice in bare feet, the old woman came in a feeble, tremulous way, as she was rolled in her chair to the place of baptism. She was lifted off the chair and lowered through the ice into the river.

Quickly she was replaced in the chair and hurried to the shore, where she was cared for in a cabin. When she was taken home later she showed no ill-effect of her ducking.

WATSON HESTON  
The Infidel Cartoonist Died Peacefully

Carthage, Mo., Feb. 2, 05.  
C. C. Moore.

Dear sir and friend—I have before me, the very painful task of writing to Mr. Heston's friends, and telling them of his death.

Mr. Heston died last Friday, Jan. 27, at 2:30 p. m. His last hours were painful—went just like he was going to sleep; never struggled a particle.

We were afraid he would strangle to death, as he came near doing several times. He was so weak he had not strength enough to cough up the mucus and the phlegm.

He was hard on me to have to give him up, for I lost a lovely companion. I know he is better off, for he could not have gotten well, and he wanted to die.

Mr. Moore I wish you would send me your paper for six months, and as soon as I can, I will send you the money. Another thing I wish to mention and I hope you will make a note of it in your paper.

Mr. Warren Wolf, of Indian Territory, has written me several letters to thank you for the Blade, and I would like to see it. Last evening some of my letters were returned uncalled for, and I don't know where he is. He has been so nice to us during my husband's illness, and I wish to thank him for his kindness, and also to thank Dr. Wilson, and the rest of the friends.—MISS LOTTIE HESTON.

P. S.—I am almost down with gripe and mental strain and worry. It is very cold here now. Mr. Heston was laid away nicely, but with no preacher to preamble over his body. I carried out his last wishes as he requested.

Brother Watson Heston was one of the most radical of all American infidels and his cartoons of the Bible and all religion have done as much for infidelity as any man who has lived in this century in this country.

He was an artist, and a theologian and a wit and satirist.

God's creation of a woman out of a bone saved out of Adam, with a butcher's saw, the dog stealing the bone while God was sealing up the hole; God sticking the bone in the ground and drawing the magic circle around it, and the pretty Eve growing up out of the bone, was always, to me, a conception, compared with which, the Pygmalion and Galatea, that I saw in Athens, was not a circumstance, and Heston ought to have a monument with that whole thing chiseled on it, and toward it I would contribute my mite, though it might be better to give it to his widow.

When I was a little boy and it took forever to get the news from anywhere, and there were no infidel newspapers, one of the main racks of the preachers—no priest here—then was destroyed by the religious press, describing the deaths of infidels; how they died cursing and calling upon Jesus to forgive them, and their friends were so appalled to witness their bodily and mental sufferings that they had to flee from the presence of their dying ones.

Now, however, when we can hear from anywhere, immediately, and in less than no time, if the news comes from the East to us, the style in which Heston has died in the presence of his devoted and faithful wife, who, in his poverty, had worked her life away to save him, is a fair sample of the way infidels die.

But these same lying preachers and priests that we have now, would be telling their dupes about the horrible deaths of infidels; there were not a few of us here to hold them down by exposing their lies.

I have read long accounts written by those religious liars, describing the horrible death bed scene of all prominent infidels, but we never hear anything of that sort in these days.

Old Talmage was the last of the pious liars that tried that old game. He gave an account of the death of an infidel that he said he personally knew about.

He said that the man screamed so loud that he "could be heard a square away," but he did not tell the man's name, or the town or state in which he lived, or where it was.

Heston wrote me a letter, once, saying he had a chance and sufficient time to have three cartoons of me in the Truth Seeker, but I am for him and his wife, now, all the same.

NO INFIDEL, HE SAID  
Every Human Being Really Believes in God, Declares One Evangelist.

The Rev. Dr. George R. Stuart, who is conducting the revival services at the Independence Avenue Methodist church, said at the Hotel Kuiper, last night that there was no such being as an infidel.

"There are a good many fellows who pose as infidels, but they are nothing but dodgers," said the evangelist. "Every so-called infidel is in fact a lawyer who pleads his own case. He knows he must either do better or go to hell. He does not want to do either, so he simply pours water, as it were, on the whole proposition."

Dr. Stuart's experience with infidels bears out his assertion. It is said that in almost every instance where he has had a fair chance and sufficient time to make his case, the unbeliever in God has been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth of the Christian religion.

Somebody sent me the above in a newspaper clipping.

Rev. Dr. George R. Stuart is a brand of ass that does not know what is in the Bible half as well as Balala's ass in 2 Cor. VI. 15, we read: "What part hath he that believeth with an infidel." And in 1 Tim. V. 8 we read "But if any provide not for his own, and specially those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel."

The Bible says plainly in two places that there are infidels, and Rev. Dr. George R. Stuart says "there is no such thing as an infidel" and the only way to explain the discrepancy is by saying that George is an ignorant dandy, who is jamming wind in the pulpit, and doesn't know what the Bible teaches.

Stuart is the old spelling for steady, the fellow who waited on the table and carved the beef for Hingling mocracy. George ought to go back to Hingling and go back to the graft of his daddy, or grand-daddy.

It will be noticed from the texts in the Bible that the New Testament uses the word infidel as being the opposite of believer (in Christianity) and not as meaning a fellow who leaves his own wife and runs off with some other fellow's wife, or unmarried daughter, which last old Brother Daniel Webster Groux says it means and has written to the Blade about three times a week for the last five years.

But, for God's sake, don't let the old fellow know I have said this—he would write every day.

CHRISTIANS MURDER EACH OTHER.

Vienna, Jan. 7.—The eyes of Europe are again anxiously watching developments at Macedonia, where alarming conditions are rapidly developing.

It is no longer the Turks who are murdering the Christians, it is the various sections of the Christians who are murdering each other.

Of course the Turks are more than delighted to see the Christians saving them the trouble of arranging new massacres, and occasionally they lend their assistance to one or the other rival parties when the fighting does not seem to progress lively enough to suit them. Strong voices are heard here, however, clamoring for the powers of Europe to interfere by the use of the bomb as the international gentleman has proven a sudden failure.

LEW AND BOB

Somebody sent me a marked copy of the Boston Globe containing an account of Lew Wallace—man that wrote "Ben Hur"—he called Ben Hur although Ben was a male—and it says Lew changed his story about him when Bob Ingersoll talked to him.

It seems that Lew had not been so concerned there was any God—that is in his poverty, had worked his life away to save him, with a big G—until he (Lew, not God, oh, no,) talked to Bob, and after that, Lew was dead who there was a God, with a large G—not one of Abbott's brand.

If Lew had only told us how he found out there was a sham God, and told us what occurred between

them when they met it would have made a better book than all that rot he told us about Ben.

Low easily gave a Lexington man any pointers on horse races.

Give Ben Kenny, the Lexington man that drove Nancy Hanks, old Nancy in her prime, and one of old Bob Toomey's skulries, and Ben Kenny would get clear around before Ben Hur got started.

REV. FUNK AND THE GHOSTS.

I have received a marked copy of the New York Herald, containing pictures of Rev. Mrs. May S. Pepper, and Rev. Henry Newton and Prof. James H. Hyslop, and exterior and interior views of the magnificent church in Brooklyn, where the Pepper woman preaches her religion.

She is a common looking fat creature and looks like the "before" part of an anti-fat advertisement, and looks like she would have about as much sense as a pig that had been raised in a nice family.

I know Funk pretty well and he is a nice man—was a boss Prohibitionist until he found there was no money in it, but Funk is a Methodist preacher, and with three presbyters around that woman you are going to hear something drag, if you just hold your breath and listen.

I didn't read any of them, but Funk—same old job lot of lies.

SWEARS MIRACLES  
ANSWERED PRAYER.

Salvation Army Woman Charged With Fraud Explains How She Recovered Her Bones.

Chicago, Feb. 1.—A miracle which was brought about by a prayer was sworn to in court by Miss Inga Hanson, a former member of the Salvation Army, who is on trial here charged with perjury in connection with a personal damage suit brought by her against the Chicago City Railway Company. Under oath to-day she testified that the alleged miracle restored her sight, speech and hearing. This remarkable explanation came from the lips of the young woman as the answer to a charge that her ailments had been conceived in order to further a \$50,000 conspiracy, had been admittedly simulated through five years of litigation, and suddenly ceased.

The scene of the alleged visitation was in Richmond, Va., and according to the girl's claim was produced by prayer with an itinerant Methodist missionary who visited her. Miss Hanson lost her suit against the street railway company.

FAMOUS FRUIT LANDS

Of the East Texas Country. Home of the Riberts peach, the strawberry, plum, pear, tomato and other fruits and vegetables. Big money in growing for the northern markets.

On February 7th and 21st, March 7th and 21st, round trip home-seekers' tickets from St. Louis, Thebes, Cairo or Memphis to Texas points at rate of one fare plus \$2 not exceeding \$15.

One way colonist tickets at half fare, plus \$2 on February 21st and March 21st.

Write for booklets on Texas fruit lands, map and time table. L. O. SCHAEFER, T. P. A., Cotton Belt Route, Cincinnati, O.

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The Scenic Route for Tourists.

The Frisco System now offers the traveling public excellent service and fast trains.

Between St. Louis and Kansas City and points in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and the Southwest.

Between Kansas City and points in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida and the Southeast.

Between Birmingham and Memphis and points in Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and the West and Southwest.

Full information as to routes and rates cheerfully furnished upon application to any representative of the Company, or to

Passenger Traffic Department, Commercial Building, Saint Louis.



# ATHEIST

**Fell Dead When the Indiana Preacher Remarked That He Could Not be Saved.**

Winamac, Ind., January 16.—The sudden death last night of Richard Bossey during church services in the Winamac Station Chapel has caused a commotion among saints and sinners alike.

Bossey had long been known as an atheist, and was alleged to have said on various occasions that he had no use for churches. However, last night he entered the church to seek shelter from the winter storm.

Soon after he entered, Rev. James McCary made an earnest plea for Gospel recruits, and during the course of his talk said: "There is one unbeliever in this congregation, a sinner who cannot be saved from death to night unless he becomes a Christian."

The prophesy of the preacher was soon fulfilled, when Bossey, with an anguished cry of "Oh!" fell back in his seat a corpse.

That a lot of fool Christian fans would want to get off a lie like this is not surprising, and it was more than might naturally be expected of them, but why a newspaper of any claim to decency would print a piece of rot of that kind can only be accounted for on the ground that the *Enquirer* is run by a Catholic and a religionist.

Catholic is, if possible, even a bigger liar than the Protestant.

Any man of any common sense knows that to be a lie, and yet thousands of Christians, Catholics and Protestants, who know that to be a lie, will patronize the Cincinnati *Enquirer* because it will tell a lie that is too good to be true.

Even if it had been true it would prove nothing except a coincidence, or more probable that some man had been killed by the excitement caused by the insult offered him by a fool preacher, who deserved to be kicked out of the house.

Lies of that kind are continually being printed by Christian newspapers, and I am continually exposing them by challenging anybody to send me any proof of them, and I never get any such proof, and nearly always get evidence that it is a lie, and I make my usual challenge now, and call on any body who may read this to get me information on that subject and I will print it in the Blade.

Common sense would teach that no atheist would be frightened at anything of that kind that a preacher might say.

If it had been true it would be a matter of sufficient interest to deserve a fuller account than that, or perhaps the report of a coroner's inquest.

Certainly something ought to have been told about Bossey's family, and standing and fortune, and something about what was done with the dead body of the man.

I have been a newspaper reporter and I certainly would have made a more readable story than that out of as good a theme as that.

If that is a fair sample of the *Enquirer's* reporters that paper could afford to pay me \$10,000 a year to come to Cincinnati and run its reporter department.

It is a matter of fact that the moral for anybody to tell a lie about anything but a man is a common fool who tells a lie that only a half-dozen fools will believe while every body of any sense is disgusted by it.

**"STUFFED CLUB" HAS A BIGGER LIAR THAN MUNICHHAUSEN OR REV. WILKINSON.**

In the "Stuffed Club," on page 225, 03-04, in a letter from J. R. Mead, Wichita, Kansas, to the "Club," appears the following form of meat:

# VARIOUS THINGS

**"Mrs. Alma K. Wilson is Worth Saving and Will be a Star in Your Crown."**

Editor Moore—I am glad that you and Mr. Hughes have decided that the Blade is too precious to be cast before those who do not appreciate it enough to reach into their jeans and yank out the dollar.

You cannot afford to give away the paper, and pay postage on it.

The only business manner in which a paper can be run is to stop the paper at the expiration of the time it is paid for. Make no exception. If any one is interested in the paper he or she will miss its appearance, and do the thing that will make it come again.

All subscribers should be uniform at \$1.00. When you make a reduction you do injustice to those who pay the full amount. If you can keep 3000 subscribers at \$1.00 each, you can keep afloat.

The higher the value you put on the Blade, the higher the receiver will appraise it. I notice that a number of people are writing to the free thought papers, and advising them to cut out all matter that does not treat religionists and their superstition with respect.

Next thing they will want to take off our hats and flap on our knees every time a Christian opens his head. Some of them object to slang. Some like against swear words. I suspect that they want to run our papers upon the silly plan of the religious papers.

Most of the infidels that I know are false fellows who do not give a fig for the dam for religion, and do not hesitate to say so.

I wrote an article a short while ago in an infidel paper, and, in it, I paid my best respects to the Pope.

The article was returned to me, with an admonition to speak respectfully of the Catholic religion and not to ridicule St. Peter's successor, as that only made the Catholics angry, and put them down upon us.

I was told that we must use nice arguments and not shock them. I suppose we must say to them "Mr. and Mrs. Catholic, I admire your religion very much. It is a very good thing to have, but, for Christ's sake, cut it out."

I guess that would fetch them from Jesus mighty quick.

I attend the Free Discussion Society, of Baltimore, almost every evening, and the speakers are all right out and say what they think. The religionists rip them up, and the infidels give them the hell on the half-shell. We destroy more religious foundation there than any place in the United States.

Many a one who comes to scoff at the Atheists remains to prey with the band.

This society is 50 years old and I suspect that it has made a thousand infidels of militant Christians in its time.

I was talking to an ex-Catholic there, a few weeks ago, and I never heard a man who could rail at them so fiercely, and yet Catholics seem to be more worried than disgusted at him.

We have some slippery Christians to deal with. Once in a while an ex-Catholic will drop in and get up and make an impassioned appeal to us to come to Christ and give our hearts to God, and will then pick up his hat and rush out before any one can get a crack at him.

# ABOUT THE BLADE.

**"Mrs. Alma K. Wilson is Worth Saving and Will be a Star in Your Crown."**

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# DEATH OF AN INFIDEL.

**"Mrs. Alma K. Wilson is Worth Saving and Will be a Star in Your Crown."**

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# PRICE LIST

**MEN'S NEW MODEL 16 SIZE**

**WATCHES**

**HAMPDEN:** "No. 104," 21 jewels, \$32; "105," 21 jewels, \$26; "Wm. Kinley," 21 jewels, \$23; same, 17 jewels, \$12; "General Stark," 17 jewels, \$10; 15 jewels, \$8; 7 jewels, \$5.50.

**WALTHAM:** "Riverside Maxims," 21 jewels, \$50; "Vanguard," 21 jewels, \$30; "Riverside," 17 jewels, \$21; "P. S. Bartlett," 17 jewels, \$12.50; 15 jewels, \$9; 7 jewels, \$6.

**ELGIN:** "No. 156," or "162," 21 jewels, \$49; "270," 21 jewels, \$35; "243," or "246," 17 jewels, \$22; "242," 17 jewels, \$18; "241," 17 jewels, \$12; 15 jewels, \$8.50; 7 jewels, \$6.

**CASES:** All the above in the new Model, this Silverline Screw Cases. In Fahy's, Crown or Decker filed gold screw case, guaranteed by manufacturers for 20 years, artistic hand chased or plain, \$5.00 more; hunting, \$5.00 more. In 25 year case, \$2.00 more, or in 20 year case. In cases guaranteed for all time, screw, \$8.00, or hunting, \$10.00 more than in Silverline case. Prices of solid gold cases on application.

Every watch guaranteed new and new from factory (no "shopkeepers"), an accurate time-keeper and, if well used, good for fifty years or longer. Will be kept in order for one year. Beware of "Special" movements and cases made nobody knows where, and which you cannot price intelligently and buy everywhere. Also of di-work (stamped) "engraved" cases—they are a fraud. Those listed above are known to be the best watches made, and—if watch is new and perfect—you are safe to buy where price is lowest. I pay freight.

# LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.

Large (6) size Elgin, Waltham or Hampden, 20-year gold filled latest style, artistic hand-chased, 7 jewels, \$18; 15 jewels, \$12.50; 16 jewels, \$11. Small (5) size 7 jewels, \$11.50; 15 jewels, \$10; 16 jewels, \$9. "Riverside," extra fine, \$26. In 25-year case, \$1 more. In 14k solid gold case, \$10 to \$50 more. Latter with diamonds, all in plush box, prepaid, with guarantee.

# CHAINS.

Long Gowns, latest style, soldered links, opals or other sets in slides, rolled plated, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Best Plated Gold, \$2.50, \$3 and \$4. Extra heavy, \$4. Solid Gold, \$8, \$10, \$15 and \$25. Center Chains, same variety. Orders filled from any catalogue at same price or less. Cash refunded at option.

# DIAMONDS, PEARLS, OPALS, ETC.

I am an expert in this line and will save you 20 per cent if you will order of me.

Send for price list of Jewelry, Frothingood Badges, Rings, Silver and Plated Ware, Optical Goods and My Tract, "Theism in the Crucible, free.

# OTTO WETTSTEIN

110 N. KENSINGTON AVENUE LA GRANGE, ILL.

times. He operated for six months in the city when it was dry and did a land office business. One of the wholesale liquor men of the city gave him a large sum for a half interest in the place.

Mr. Mabre had his intimates and openly told those who attempted to make his acquaintance that he did not care to become friends with men who were queer old men and no one has ever been able to learn the reason for his apparent distrust of humanity.

The utter failure of the reporter to make out a case against the old infidel, when the reporter evidently had raked and scraped everything that religious prejudice could say against him is the highest compliment to him than a ordinary newspaper editor.

In a number of the cities police kill the birds and the city authorities turn the boys loose on them, and I can't see why it is such a crime for a man to object to sparrows drinking out of his well-bucket, when there is a river by, and sparrows, like preachers, are always sticking their bills into things that are not clean.

Lockport, N. Y.,—Enclosed \$1.00 to shove me up another year. I enclose clipping. Of course it has thousands of believers. Poor, benighted fools!—GEORGE GATH.

# FRISCO SYSTEM

# SAINT LOUIS

TO THE ENTIRE SOUTH AND WEST

SERVICE AND EQUIPMENT IN KEEPING WITH MODERN IDEAS AND EXECUTION

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SISTER KATE EDWARDS.

Off to Heaven by the Cable Line.

At Reading, Pa., Mrs. Kate Edwards

# ODD CHARACTER

**GOES TO BEYOND.**

**M. J. Mabre, Pioneer Citizen, Yields To Death, aged 79.**

The Deceased Led the Life of a Hermit, and Many Strange Things Are Told of Him—No Services Permitted at His Funeral.

M. J. Mabre, who died Monday at the age of 79 years at his residence, 76 Park avenue, in addition to being one of the pioneer citizens of Atlanta, was one of the queerest characters who ever resided in this city.

It was his dying request that the ministrations of the church be denied him during his last hours and that his body be interred without incense, without the presence of a minister and without funeral services of any kind.

The old gentleman lived nearly a hermit's life. When he moved into the neighborhood in which he died he let his neighbors understand that he did not desire them to call upon him.

Most of the time he kept his front gate locked to prevent them from entering, and he never called upon them. During the latter years of his life he mellowed somewhat and would give a nod of greeting to some of those who passed by. In all sorts of weather, hot or cold the old gentleman was either leaning over the fence of his front yard or pacing the pavement in front of his home.

# Wouldn't Let the Birds Drink.

Some time ago Mr. Mabre discovered the birds were drinking water from his well in his back yard. This worried him. He fixed the bucket on his well so as to prevent the birds from quenching their thirst.

Although reports say that Mr. Mabre was an infidel, this was denied by the few who knew him. Certain it is that he would never permit a minister of his neighborhood called. The old gentleman slammed the door in the face of the man of the cloth.

Mr. Mabre made much of his money in the saloon business. Before prohibition days in Atlanta, he operated a saloon and it was a model place of business and he would not permit them to stand around and talk after they had taken a drink.

When prohibition day began it was discovered that his was the only place which extended into prohibition

will be jerked to Jesus for the murder of her husband, her scheme being to get him and marry a nigger.

The Associated Press telegram says:

"It said Mrs. Edwards' conscience has been troubling her since she has been receiving spiritual ministrations from her former pastor."

We do some pretty tough things in Kentucky, but the Yanks are leading us.

Send us \$2.50 and have the Blade sent to five of your friends for one year each.

# WINTER IN COLORADO

Your own physician will tell you that the dry mountain air of Colorado as an elixir of life stands pre-eminent. All ways rigorous and stimulating, the arid atmosphere of Colorado is at its best in winter. To accommodate winter tourists the Union Pacific has put in effect from Chicago a round trip rate of \$47.20 and from St. Louis a round trip rate of \$59.20, with proportionate reductions from all points within its immediate territory. Tickets on sale every day until May 1st, 1905, with return limit June 1st, 1905. Be sure your ticket reads over the Union Pacific, the popular route to Colorado. For full information inquire of W. H. Connor, G. A. East, north street, Cincinnati, O.

# JUVENILE SUICIDES.

The suppression of moral and religious instruction in the schools of France since 1870 is offered by Mrs. John Van Vorst, in Harper's for January, as the only explanation "for the startling increase in the numbers of youthful delinquents, criminals and suicides since that year." Mrs. Van Vorst points out that in 1801 there were 476 juvenile suicides in France, whereas in 1840 there were only 144.

The facts about this I do not know. Christians of either sex will be about religion.

The leading minds of France are deriving religion out of that country. They would not probably do it if they thought they were thereby making the people more miserable. Suicide is increasing in this country, but not among infidels.

SISTER KATE EDWARDS.

Off to Heaven by the Cable Line.

At Reading, Pa., Mrs. Kate Edwards

# "DOG FENNEL"

He Says He Would not Take \$5.00 for The first 100 pages of it.

North Birmingham, Ala. Jan. 11, 05.

Dear friend—I have just received "Dog Fennel," and read over one hundred pages, up to the present and would not take five dollars for it. I enclosed the money and you took my name attached thereto and sent me the papers.

My father was an Atheist although

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## MAN FROM CONNECTICUT.

Where They Make Wooden Nutmegs  
And Adulterate Oats With  
Sheepskins.

Has Got 'em the Fence, and Wants  
Me to Tell Him on Which Side He  
Must Get off.

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 15, 05.  
Editor, Blue Grass Blade.

Dear Sir—I enclose herewith, a money-order for \$1.00 payment on my subscription for the past year. I also enclose an article, which I wish to have published therein, and would be pleased to have my objections to Atheism answered in your paper—  
A. C. FISHER.

The article with his own heading is as follows:  
**THE MAN ON THE FENCE.**  
Mr. Editor.

A short time ago, the readers of the Blade were invited by you to air their views on the theme, "Why I am an Atheist?" I regret to say that I was one of those who failed to respond. However I shall not keep silent any longer, but wish to have a few points explained, which keep me on the fence.

In the first place, let us be clearly understood. As I understand it, Atheism means that there is no such thing as a personal or impersonal God, as the terms imply. In the Universe, that all the planetary movements, down to the movement of a worm, are not controlled by any outside intelligence, that there is not any intelligence outside of animal and human intelligence.

This is, I believe, the position taken by Atheists. My first question is: Can there exist an intelligent agent in the Universe without an intelligence to direct it? There are thousands of manifestations of intelligence throughout all nature. The human intelligence, the human organism, here we find manifestations of an intelligence far superior to that of man. Take the structure of the lungs alone, and we find that they are constructed in a wise manner. They are not, as many suppose, two empty sacs, but they are filled with thousands of small tubes, which branch off from the bronchial tubes, like the branches of a tree. This arrangement prevents the spread of disease, when any of the minute cells become attacked. Is this not a wise provision of nature? But this is not all. There is another arrangement at the mouth of these cells, a very fine network, which allows the oxygen to pass into the blood, but prevents the blood from passing through, into the lung-cells.

I could take up many pages describing the human structure in detail which is much more wonderful than one uninformed, would think. It is simply marvelous.

To this argument, some would say, it is simply a matter of inheritance, that like produces like. This is very true, but let me also ask, Where is the intelligence that forms the child during the process of conception? Surely the mother's intelligence does not do this, for she is often ignorant of anatomy.

The most vital organs, the heart, lungs, blood-vessels, are protected by the ribs, and the delicate brain is fortified almost entirely. There is a reason for this; it is too well known for repetition here. The nerves of taste, smell, sight, hearing and sensation, are all in their proper places, put there by what? Intelligence, or chance? If this old earth is not governed in its motions by an intelligent force, then we can thank our lucky stars that it gets dark when the world gets sleepy, and needs rest. Should the days be longer or shorter than they are now? I think not. The inclination of the earth's axis to its orbit gives us the change of seasons. This is well, for it breaks the monotony of the landscape, and makes home dearer to us.

If this grand old world with its great men and women is here merely as a result of chance, we can also feel thankful that we are here, enjoying it. Many of earth's children have little to be thankful for, but mother earth is not accountable for that. Man's selfishness and ignorance are the cause for all the misery in the world.

I believe that man was gradually evolved from the lower forms of life, but what is it that causes the exit of the stomach, (the pyloric gate), to close, when food enters the stomach? And open, when the food is ready to leave the stomach?

It must be the work of one or the other, intelligence, or chance.

Nature is a great chemist. She knows just what the infant needs to sustain its little life, and prepares it at the mother's breast. No other food will do. Deny it this food, and you imperil its life. Is this wise provision of nature a result of chance? If so, then ye Atheists can again thank this world for your existence. I will here state that I do not wish

to set up a God to be worshipped, for there are enough of them already. But as long as my interrogations remain unanswered, to my satisfaction, I shall remain on the fence, admiring that which appears to me as an infinite intelligence.

Some Atheists argue that if there were a God, wise and good, why does he destroy thousands of his children's lives by earthquakes, volcanoes, hurricanes, etc. I think this is a question that has little bearing upon the issue, in fact, to me, it seems quite ludicrous, when they themselves must expell the poison. It is not to be wondered at, Mr. Atheist, when we consider the artificial, and unnatural life humanity is living. Many are shut away from the sunlight, the source of all life, and it has been said by some, that near-sighted is largely responsible for the cancers. Put the responsibility where it belongs—A. C. FISHER.

They were invited by Mr. Morris Sacks, about the time I was in the Orient, but it's all since since like Mellan. A worm's movement is not of the planetary kind. But the responsibility where it belongs—A. C. FISHER.

When I was a boy the scientists—real or quasi—said that there was no intelligence except in human beings—they said animals had instincts, and did not suppose supernatural beings, real or supposed, were brought about by religion, because if animals had intelligence, they would ask, would they not have souls, and what would become of their souls, after what would become of their souls after death.

General Abram Buford, of the Confederate army, from Kentucky, a devout turban, said and wrote that his race horse had souls, and that he expected to meet them in heaven.

Buford was not insane, but he was a typical Kentucky Christian, and in heaven, believed in patronizing the main staple of his own state.

In a later day scientists began to recognize that intelligence and instinct are synonyms. Aristotle said that everything in nature, men, animals, trees, stones, etc., had intelligence.

I said that intelligence can only be affirmed of men—especially women—and animals, because intelligence implies the idea of such operation as can only be performed by a brain, or some kind of nerve center, or some kind of thinking apparatus, but I think that there is, in all material, something that corresponds with intelligence in man and animals.

I am satisfied that the bee that mathematically constructs the honey comb, the flower called Venus Fly trap, the corals, and the stone pentagonal pillars in "Giants causeway" in Ireland, and the pentagonal crystals at the Hot Springs in Arkansas, or the spar and gypsum in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, all just as truly think as did Michael Angelo, when he built St. Peter's, or Jefferson, when he built the Constitution of the United States.

Shells and rocks and soil also think, but we cannot see it so plainly. If, as Aristotle died some years before I was born, and he could not have been influenced by my opinion on the subject. There is, therefore, no good sense in speaking of "instinctive action," as all action is intelligent. There is no use to multiply the instances of intelligence as you do. None of them is any more wonderful than another and none any more wonderful than the flash of a lightning bug.

Donatelli comet is no more wonderful than a sky-rock. Teddy "the strenuous" is no more wonderful than a flea, and not half so strenuous and devoted to business.

Your suggestion that the seasons are so arranged as to "make our home dearer," is all foppery. The seasons at the poles are quite different from ours in the temperate zones and they are what they are, utterly regardless of our homes.

If war and famine and pestilence should combine so as to kill every human being on earth the seasons would go just as ahead and do business as the old stands like nothing had happened. This "grand old world" is just as much a grand old blunder and humbug and mist, as it is the opposite of these.

Man's selfishness and ignorance are not the cause of the lightning striking him, or of a snake biting him, or of an immoral inheriting profligate. The word "chance" and the word "ghost" are equally names for things that do not exist.

Your exclamation "ye Atheists," does not mean anything, or prove anything—simply wild jamming like the preachers. I do not see what your alleged "interrogations" are and might, or might not, be able to answer them if I did.

Who's kicking about your being on the fence? If it suits you, you may as well follow wants to raise a row about it, tell him to go to hell. Some good men have had rides on a rail-fence rail.

When you get to talking about volcanoes killing children, you must "shiny on your own side," and not say such things result from natural causes, for that is just what the Atheist claims.

If you think there is a God you must think that it is possibly God that does these things. That question has all bearing upon the issue. If God should drive poison out of a girl's system by using a cancer to do it, he would be a fool and a fiend. If nature put the cancer there, then, nothing and nobody are to be blamed for it.

I don't see any thing in what you say to indicate that there is any God, and I don't see why we should believe there is any God until we see some reason to do so.

We have these spirit rappers telling us wonderful stories about spirits that they just dead sure know to exist. It don't put me on any fence. If I ever have evidence to believe what they say I will believe it, but I am not going to lose any sleep trying to believe it simply because they say so. Same way about a God; when I see argument to believe there is a God I will believe it, whether I want to or not, but I don't propose to believe it simply because some fellow or some book tells me to believe it. Some times when I see how strangely this little paper is sustained it almost seems to me that there is a God with a big G, backing it and helping me in my work, but I don't go and get on a fence about it. I just say I want to be a good man, and if I do the best I can, and there is any God that's got any sense and fairness, I'll have some wings and golden slippers with the best of them and if there isn't any God that kind I stand just as good a show for my white ally as any of them.

THE BLADE AND WHISKY  
MAKE HIM RELIGIOUS.

Mr. Hughes.

"Dear Jim—You have gone and what and done it just as I expected you would do and you did the right thing—that is knocked me out.

You ought to be ashamed to knock out an old man the first round, but I forgive you for it. I know you didn't like to do it.

You ought to shut off every one that does not put up the stuff.

It is hard on the fellow that is shut out, but it will be the making of the Blade. In my young days I thought it was right to give a young man a chance in this life. It has been so with me, and I now believe in giving an old man a chance; don't you? But I will be glad if they will do it. If I live until the 15th day of March, I will, from the fact that I have noticed, all my life, that if I lived over the 10th of March, I have lived the rest of the year. So it is an important day with me and I feel kinder all over when I see that time. A man in this life is like a fine race horse—so long as he can keep up his record he is patted and fed, and rubbed and kept in fine condition, but when his record is lowered he goes to the dray and is worn out and then he is dumped.

Such is this beautiful life we lead. However, I am fond of this life and cling to it like a drowning man to a straw. I have, I think, a good and happy religion.

It's not orthodox though, and that's why I'm knocked out.

I don't have to pay the preacher; My religion is the Irishman's religion, that is, "Trust to luck, star fate, in the face, and your heart will be easy if in the right place."

Enclosed find \$1.56, one dollar to pay me up to July 1905, and 50 cents to pay for J. E. Kelly, in the club I got up some time ago and 6 cents is to pay you for postage you wanted on me. Two cents is not much, but you have 2000 delinquents and say notice each one that would cost you \$40.

One or two don't cost much, but to notify 2000 subscribers is quite an amount.

I have not received my Blade for Jan. 22, so I'm in a lousy and let it come. I don't want to ship a cog.

I am for the Blade, first, last and always. I am lonesome without it. I am very much given to the "bine devils" as Bobbie Burns calls them—melancholy—and there are but two things that knock them out—they are reading the Blade, and whisky. I am a very fond of the latter. It has a happy effect upon me. It gives me

a religious turn of mind. It carries me too far on that line. Why, I really love my neighbor better than myself, and you know that won't work in this life.

I reckon Mr. Moore has found that out. In conclusion let me say I want two of Dr. Wilson's Rome books. He is a gun of a fellow and writer. He has a fine education and brains to take it out, but I am one of the few that are against big educations. There are lots of people ruined by too much education. I don't believe in giving a \$5 boy a \$15 education—it's the ruination of the boy.

I haven't the caliber to take an education, I reckon I was born a stick-in-the-mud. I am now too old to pull and have concluded to stick. Shakespeare says that the world is a stage and we all play our parts.

Some play tragedy, and some play comedy, and I have played hell.

With best wishes for the success of the Blade, and of all its writers and subscribers, I am

P. S.—Many a good writer has got an item from a fool. In fact I don't see what would become of the smart fellow, if it wasn't for the fool—he wouldn't have anything to write from. Must be a contest in everything in life. It looks like evil is necessary, to know what good is.

Well dam it, let's quit thinking about it. I guess it will be all right in the sweet by and by. Now Mr. Hughes I don't want you to publish this. It's a personal letter to you written for the purpose of explaining what the \$1.56 is for. You know it is said that the wisest of men relish a little nonsense, now and then, and from Mr. Moore's writing he is one of them.

From the way he writes he is onto more of the funny sayings than any man I ever read after.

I didn't scratch off the "Ky," so that nobody would be surprised at your love of whisky.

Lightning slipped a cog, burnt out the motor, paper late, you didn't get yours in time, thought Jim had fired you and sent your money—wouldn't have sent it under any other circumstances.

But, but made some money by making a gang of dead beats pay up.

Let's get that thing straight—2500 delinquents average of four cents for postage on notices, \$100.00—5000 notices at 1 cent each \$50.00—clerk hire for 5000 notices \$25.00—damage from wear and tear and swear on Hughes' physical constitution and doctors' bills for repairs to same \$50.00—damage to moral constitution and paying preachers for repairs \$50.00.

This does not include slumps and shrinkage on treasures laid up in heaven that could not be expressed in \$ & ¢ & ¢ with a string of goose eggs a little low, but, in actual hard dollars that Jim has earned by disseminating religion through the Blade. The price of little thing that you call \$40.00 is actually \$275.00. You got that thing about living until the 10th of March from the Blade and I got it from an old nigger. Don't spell whisky with key-ies. It's key; same as ky for Kentucky. Yanks spell it key, because they think it's the key to heaven, but it's the key to the other place—sub-cellar.

Yes, I used to love my neighbor better than myself too, but it was when I was a bachelor and my neighbor, about 14 miles off, was a girl that I afterwards got. It worked all right.

I know a preacher—Methodist—was a son-of-a-gun. His name is Tom Gunn, and that's his father's name too, but they don't know how to spell Gunn.

Your spelling does pretty well. You spell a majority of the words right, but you are a drinking man and have bad spells.

Your writing is very fine and your words excellent, but between your whisky and your profanity the devil is going to get you.

Your letter is good—any letter is good that has as much as one dollar in it.

If your letter had had \$2.12 in it, it would have been just as good as any it.

When you send money in letters you don't have to write so much, because the money talks.

Silver dollars talk, because it has a woman's name is bound to go down in history because they have got my name and picture too, in the rogues

## ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

EXCURSION TICKETS NOW ON SALE AT REDUCED RATES TO

NEW ORLEANS, LA., HAVANA, CUBA,  
HOT SPRINGS, ARK.,  
CITY OF MEXICO, CALIFORNIA,

AND MANY OTHER POINTS WITH LIBERAL STOP OVERTS AND RETURN LIMITS.

Only line running through personally conducted sleepers, Louisville to Texas, Arizona and California.

Reduced one-way Colonist and home seekers' excursion rates to points South and West, first and third Tuesdays in each month.

FARMING IN THE SOUTH.

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company is issuing monthly circulars concerning fruit growing, vegetable gardening, stock raising, dairying, etc., in the States of Kentucky, West Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. Every Farmer, or Homeseeker, who will forward his name and address to the undersigned, will be mailed free. Circulars Nos. 1 to 11 inclusive, and others as they are published from month to month.

Call on or address nearest railroad Agent, or address.

F. W. HARLOW  
DIVISION PASSENGER AGENT, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

## GO SOUTHWEST

Like Time and Tide, the Great Southwest awaits no man; but it's a heap easier to get aboard at the instant of starting than to contend with the element of momentum later.

Let us give you the details of this new country's rapid growth, your chance to grow up with it. Illustrated literature free.

RATES SOUTHWEST CUT ALMOST IN TWO  
Dec. 6 & 20, 1904-Jan. 3 & 17, 1905

GEO. H. LEE, G. P. A. Little Rock, Ark.  
H. I. MCGUIRE, D. P. A. Cincinnati, Ohio.  
JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Chicago, Ill.

gallies at Columbus, Ohio, but you can't make it go down these sky-busters in Lexington.

### DISTRACTED AT A DISTRACTED MEETING

The following is condensed from the C. J.:

Down at Louisville every thing is going plous.

Rev. Dr. W. W. Pinson was in the gospel box, and said that any man who lived in sin was crazy.

As soon as he said it a man named James McKeown jumped out of the window of the church and appeared to be insane.

Friends caught him and took care of him. He is said to be a decent and working man and was never before known to do anything of that kind.

It created great excitement in the church and nobody seems able to explain it.

There is no intimation, as yet, that it was an advertising scheme gotten up by Pinson.

Get onto it some of you Louisville heathens, and write me about it.

### DR. PINKHAM AGAIN JUMPS ON REVIVALISTS.

"There was too much singing of 'The Sweet By and By,' and 'Shall We Gather at the River, too much appealing to the selfish desire to escape a future hell and enter a future heaven; too much exhortation to save souls for eternity.' This present life, deserving friends and neighbors are very good to live with, on the whole."

This is one of the many things that the Rev. Henry W. Pinkham, pastor of Bethany Baptist church, says of Dr. Chapman and the revivalists who recently stirred Denver, in the church paper, Bethany, a weekly religious folder, which was issued yesterday.

25 BELOW THE GOOSE-EGG Center Point, Nebraska Feb. 05. Mr. Hughes—Enclosed find slips from Denver Post.

Pretty cold here—25 below—Good many dying who never did before. Am glad you are pepping along again.

Will give you a lift this summer, if things break even—all well, best wishes—H. C. GORDON.

Not surprised that it is cold up

where you are, but from what I had heard of the climate "below," I supposed it was about 2500 in the shade down there.

### BOLT HIT THE ALTAR

Cincinnati, Ohio.—Dear Mr. Moore If such a thing as this had happened to the building in Rome when the infidel Congress there was in session thousands of sky-plots would have referred to it in their sermons.—A. CLARK.

Enclosed clipping is as follows: Quayaville, Ecuador, January 12.—While a procession was entering the Catholic church at Cayamhe, near Quito, a thunder storm broke, and the altar was struck by lightning, setting fire to the church. A priest and eight other persons were mortally wounded. Two persons were killed by lightning during the same storm.

If the lightning had killed every man, woman, child, dog and rat in that infidel Congress at Rome, the Pope would have issued a bull bigger than the one he issued against the comet, and bigger than a premium short-horn bull at a Kentucky fair, thanking God for knocking out that whole capoodle.

So it ain't any of our funeral when the Old Boss knocks them out. Rip em up the back, old pard, we ain't kicking about it.

Where is that Catholic editor in Philadelphia, that got off that lie about the wax figures of old Joe and Mollie and J. C., not melting when that Catholic editor at Cayamhe burned down? I don't care a darn if God don't melt the wax when Catholic churches burn down—beeswax is worth 15 cents a pound—just so he kills the priests that ain't worth 15 cents a dozen.

### TO HEAVEN BY THE APPLE JACK ROUTE.

Rev. Darlow Sarjant, of Little-champion, while at prayers on Tuesday morning (Jan. 10) read the first fourteen verses of the fourth chapter of John. On reaching the words "I go to prepare a place for you," he commented thus upon them: "When the place is ready Christ comes for us." We presume the reverend gentleman's place was read, for Christ came for him in the evening. After he went for a walk on the parade, where he had an apoplectic seizure and died shortly afterwards.